

ENDYMION.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.
The rising moon has hid the stars,
Her lovely rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown beneath.
And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had drop her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She wakened Endymion with a kiss,
When, sleeping in the grove,
He dreamt not of her love.
Like Diana's kiss, unask'd, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;

Nor voice, nor sound betrays

Its deep, impassion'd gaze.

It comes—the beautiful, the free,

The crown of all humanity—

In silence and alone.

To seek the elect one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep,

Are life's oblivion, the soul's sleep.

And kisses the clos'd eyes

Of him, who, shivering, lies.

O weary heart! oh, shivering eyes!

O, drooping souls, whose destinies

Are fraught with fear and pain,

Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so cur'd by fate,

No one so wholly desolate,

But some heart, though unknown,

Responds unto his own.

Responds—as it with unseen wings;

An angel swept its quiv'ring strings;

And whispers, in its song,

"Where hast thou staid so long?"

From the New-York American.

A FUNERAL AT MADRID.

Shortly after the close of the last war, buoyant with youth and hope, I made what was then not so common as now, the tour of Europe—lingering long in Old Spain, fascinated with the romantic character of the countrymen of Cervantes—the gallant Moors—of the Alhambra and the Cid. It chanced one evening, strolling about the streets of Madrid in pursuit of adventure, that passing through one of the most frequented squares, I was attracted by lights shining through the long Gothic windows of a large Chapel or Cathedral. I approached, and entering with some curiosity, found it entirely silent. No living soul was present within its walls. The lofty chancel and altars were shrouded in mourning. By the wax candles on the altars, I could see the fretted arches—the shrines and monuments along the walls—and the family banners wreathed in gloomy festoons above them.

I wandered about, alone and uninterrupted.—Nought moved, save the old blood-stained flags as they infusively waved to and fro in the wind. I gazed around me in admiration at the rich shrines and their appropriate pictures. Here, with her offerings of flowers, and wax candles burning bright and clear, was the *Madonna*, her lovely countenance beaming with celestial sweetness, as she looked down upon the infant Saviour nestling in her arms—the Baptist standing at her knee, pressing the plump little foot to his lips—and John in the island of Patmos, his emanated limbs starting from their scanty covering of sackcloth, and his gaunt features beaming with inspiration, as from among the cloud of scattered gray hair, he received the flame-encircled trumpet above him, the Holy Revelation.

Here, armed *capo-pie*, the chivalrous Knights of the Temple consigned their slain brother to his rocky sepulchre, as with grim stern averted countenances they watch the fierce conflict and assault of the daring Ibadel upon their Holy City—and there, the cross of Constantine richly emblazoned on its altar, was the *Crucifixion*.

The Saviour extended on the cross—the thieves on each side of him—the head just bowed—and the awful “*It is finished!*” announced to the nations in frightful phenomena. The sun turned to blood, throwing a lurid and unnatural glow on the assembled multitude—the war-horses ridderless, rearing and plunging with distended nostrils—the convulsions of the solid mountains—the affrighted gestures of the soldiery, as horror-stricken, they wildly lift their hands to ward off that toppling crag, which, torn from its foundation, with curling lip, holding tighter in its grasp the crimson flag, the “*S. P. Q. R.*,” shaking fierily in the wild wind, seems to deride the coward Jews, even in that dread moment, with his a-peal slavery—and here San Sebastian, his eyes streaming in martyr tears—the sinking of a small bell struck upon my ears: boys clad in surcoat, swinging their censers to and fro, and the incense floated high above them to the vaulted arches.

A train of monks, in purple robes embroidered with white crosses, appeared in procession, slowly advancing on the resplendent pavement, bearing on tressels, covered with a dark pall, a corse, by the muffled outline, of many statuary. Two female figures, grave seraphins, with deep reverence supporting them, followed close the dead. The deep thunder tones of the huge organ, swept upward as they entered, wild grand, and terrible, as if tumulted by no earthly hand; scarce audible sounds floating from the smallest pipes until each the ear—then bursts like the roaring whirlwind, pouring in the whole mass of trumpets, rolling and rising, and falling—the most exquisite symphonies floating in the intervals, until hushed, hush, the heart sickened in efforts to catch its tones. Dead silence followed; the corse was deposited in the chancel: the dark black pall was slowly withdrawn, and the noble figure of a cavalier in the bloom of manhood palid in death, lay exposed before us. Clad in sable velvet, his rapiers rested on his extended body; the jeweled cross reverently enclosed in his clasped hands, as they met upon his broad chest, while the luxuriant raven hair parted on the high forehead, the dark arched eyebrow, and the glossy mustachio curving on the lip, added deeper pallor, to what appeared, deep, deep sleep.

The servants withdrew, and the mother and the daughter advanced to the last sight of him that was so generous, so kind, so beautiful—their all. The thick veil, thrown hastily aside, discovered the turfed, time-worn, grief-worn features of the mother, convulsively writhing and work, as sighing at his head, her lips pressed in uncontrollable agony the damp cold white forehead. The sister clad in robes of purest whiteness—her golden ringlets dishevelled, and floating around her, and in their rich luxuriance, almost hiding her graceful form, beat o'er him; and as her gaze met not the answering smile of kindness and protection to which from infancy it was wont, but the stern, calm, sharpened features, in their icy stillness; then as with frantic sobs, her exquisitely feminine, almost childish countenance, streaming with tears, was lifted upwards, and her hands wringing with anguish, uttered, in deep convulsive bitterness, that “*At Jesus!*” in smothered tones, again struck upon my startled heart. Long silence followed, unbroken save by sobs, as, sunk by its side, they embraced the still, unconscious ashes.

Slowly the deep, grave voices of the monks rose in solemn tones, and as their mournful chant sank into deep bass, at intervals, it was taken up by a single female voice in the choir, which, high above the organ tones with surpassing sweetness, ascended higher, higher, until every nook in the lofty arches above, appeared filled and overflowing with the rich melody; then descending lower—lower—the imagination wildly sought it in the passing wind. The monks drew near with uplifted and extended hands, muttering in low tones their benediction; then crossing themselves, encircling the corse on bearded knees, with eyes lifted up to Heaven, they uttered in loud voices—

“*Salva pro illo—mater uteris!*”—

“*Ora pro illo—mater uteris!*”—